

From Mt. Episcopal Mission.—Joseph H. Foy, D. Minister in Charge. Appointments to preach—Ironton, on the first Sunday in every month. DeSoto on 2d and 4th Sundays. Crystal City on 3d Sundays.

Weather Report

Table with columns: DATE, 7a, 9a, 11a, 1p, 3p, 5p, 7p, 9p, Rain. Rows for Sept 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Card of Thanks.

The relatives of the late Joseph L. Stephens desire to return thanks to their neighbors and friends for the sympathy and many acts of kindness extended them in their hour of affliction.

Mrs. Davis has just received a new consignment of fine Candles. Call and try them. A half-dozen plates and a silver spoon await owners at this office.

Rev. Thomas Morris, of Graniteville, will preach at Pilot Knob next Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

The Syntite Granite Company have secured a contract for one hundred and fifty cars of cut stone, from Chicago.

The funeral services of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Putnam will take place at Middlebrook next Sabbath at 4 o'clock.

"Tis dry and hot" in the Sweet September, but happily corn is made, and the weather-clerk is no longer king.

The Bonanza Annex is now in full blast, with a full stock of Groceries, fresh and pure, to be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Three naps—large size, with red borders—are missing since the festival last Thursday evening. Will you please return them to this office?

J. B. Walker, Esq., was called to Squire McNeely's Monday, to attend to six railroad cases; and we understand that he came off victorious in each case.

The St. Louis Ore and Steel Company paid off Saturday, in "hard cash" exclusively. In the words of an astonished citizen, they "ran out of money and paid in gold."

Lost—A gold pin about three inches long, with a little fan at the head, and chain with ball attached. One ruby set in fan. Finder will return to this office, and receive reward.

Our old friend, Martin Collins, Esq., last Saturday presented us a sweet potato weighing four and one-half pounds. It was not a yam, but a regular, orthodox sweet potato, round, smooth, and of the true color.

A remarkable story comes to our ears, of an attempted capture last Thursday night, an armed posse, resistance en barriade, a charge to the rear, flying bullets, a death, and a resurrection. We don't care to go into particulars, but it is Patton that if you know on the right party you can hear all about it. Try Jas. Press, Esq.

The Ironton Cornet Band boys hereby return thanks to their many friends for assistance in the Festival Thursday night. Especially do they acknowledge the aid extended by Mrs. M. J. Sanner and Mrs. P. R. Crisp, who kindly took the management of the affair, and brought unlooked-for success out of it. The net proceeds were thirty-five dollars—about an X more than was expected.

The First Annual Fall Race Meeting of the St. Louis Ramblers' Bicycle Club to be held at the Fair Grounds in St. Louis on the 25th and 26th inst., will be an exhibition well worth traveling miles to enjoy. The cheap railroad fare and a chance to see the great Exposition at one and the same time will no doubt attract many from this part of the State; and they should, for this combination of sights and pleasures will more than repay the small expense attending the same.

C. D. Yancey, State Senator from this district, will accept thanks for a copy of the Fish Commissioners report for the State of Missouri for the last year. There is no document issued from the Departments of State that has a higher estimate in our opinion than this same Fish Commission report, and we urge upon the Legislature at its next session to make it a Game Commission as well, and see that an appropriation commensurate with its usefulness and importance be made, that will give life to, instead of crippling, the good work of the Commission.

Report of the Pilot Knob Public School for the 1st and 2d weeks of Sept., 1885: ADVANCED DEPARTMENT. No. of pupils enrolled—male, 24; female, 19—37. Average age of pupils, in years, 12.5.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT. No. of pupils enrolled—male, 22; female, 21—43. Average age of pupils, in years, 10.5.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT. No. of pupils enrolled—male, 39; female, 24—63. Average age of pupils, in years, 7.5.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. John Northy, a 15-pound boy, on the 20th inst.

A party from the Knob, accompanied by the P. K. Cornet Band, spent Sunday out in Madison county, at Judge Wingenstein's. All the farmers of the vicinity, their wives, sons and daughters, were there, and had a jollification that you would have to attend to appreciate. The Knob company arrived at 5:30, and the band gave some music. A good wash, and lunch was spread by mine host and wife, and ye gods! what a lunch!

If you know what a lunch is, I don't; for it was as square a meal as ever I had the good fortune to sit down to. After finishing the repast, which every one of the band boys did ample justice to, especially Georgey, the famous band-wagon driver, then came music, refreshments, and a stroll over to the Old Sam Hildebrand farm. After returning, more music, and refreshments for plunk!

Dinner then came, to describe which would take more space than the editor would like to give. After dinner, music, dancing, and refreshments—particularly the latter, since we sat down to the table five times in four hours! How is that for high? The folks over in Madison live well, and in the above you will see that they are not lacking in hospitality. May we all live to greet them again. P. C. B.

The Bellevue Picnic.

The picnic announced for last Friday at Bellevue, we understand, was almost a failure—or almost abandoned—on account of Judge Stephens' death. However, there was dancing at night, and a game of baseball played in the evening between the Bellevue "Democrats" and the Ironton "Kids."

Ironton's Ghost Story.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in thy philosophy." Ironton possesses that marvel of the 19th century—a haunted house. Gentle and ungentle readers, do not smile scornfully at this assertion, but read the above quotation, pause and reflect. It does not require the bear-eyed gaze of Tam O'Shanter, or even Alloway's auld haunted kirk to startle, spook, and convince us that things not of flesh and blood exist.

On that night, about one o'clock in the morning, while all Ironton was at rest, and the inmates of this particular house were wrapped in slumber, an alarm was given at the outer door of said dwelling, consisting of three or four distinct knocks, as with the bare knuckles. Being repeated, the lady arose and wished to know who knocked?

No answer. Again came the raps, when she went to the door, opened it, and found—nothing. Now this was strange, indeed, and, while pondering over it, the rapping commenced on the door at the rear of the house. To hurry thither took but a moment, and when the door was thrown open—no one! The boarder now reached the scene of action, armed with a good-sized pistol, intending to give hearty welcome to the intruder. The rapping now became general. First on front door, then on door at the rear of the house, and finally on the inner doors and casings. The boarder informed us that by this time his sensations were decidedly queer. He stationed himself at a window near the front door, revolver in hand, with the determination to wait for the party who was executing this "racket" at the dead hours of night—and, if found, to lay a tribute of affection at his feet—or near his feet—was not particular about the trifling location. Soon the rapping was resumed—once, two, three times—loud and distinct as a rap can be.

Now, how to account for it, is the next thing in order. We believe we can give a good reason for it. The old wife to this house was built by one John Stanger, before the war. Shortly after its completion, Stanger went to Fredericktown to work—being a plasterer—but soon came home, sickened, and died very suddenly. This was late in the fall, and on the 12th of the month. Since that time he comes regularly the 12th of each month, to view his mortal habitation, and make the "grand rounds." If he finds the doors unlocked, he enters leaving them open. If the doors are found locked, he knocks for admission. This is our explanation of this matter. If any of the readers of this paper have a better one, send it in, and it will be duly considered.

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Another Fatal Accident.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mo., Sept. 21st, 1885. Ed. Register.—In this correspondence I am called upon to record another one of those sad misfortunes, which sometimes befall the lives of some of our less fortunate fellow beings. It happened this time to Mr. Andy Hall, and adds another victim to the long list of train horrors.

On last Saturday evening, Hall, in company with F. M. Harris, left Graniteville to come on a visit to Arch Hall, and to spend Sunday at this place. They brought a bottle of whiskey along with them, it is said, and were drinking some; but it is claimed by Harris that they were not drunk. It is not known at what time they reached this place, but as late as one o'clock Sunday morning, it is said that Hall called at a friend's house up town, but did not stay long. He made a few inquiries, and then left, when it is supposed he afterwards met Harris and both went to the depot. Here they lay down on the platform and went to sleep; Hall with his legs over-hanging the edge of the platform, his feet resting on the ground near the track, it seems; while Harris lay down on the small incline near the wall of the freight-room. Shortly after the men went to sleep, the freight train, first 622, came along, struck Hall, dragged him from the platform and cut both legs nearly off; the left just below the knee, and the right just above the ankle joint; also inflicting a scalp wound with sufficient force to produce concussion of the brain. This happened about half past 2 o'clock Sunday morning. About the time the train was passing the depot, the engineer discovered the man, but not in time to prevent the horrible catastrophe. He reversed his engine, it is said, and stopped the train as soon as it could be done; but not until the train had passed the platform. The train men then went back, and found Hall in the condition described above. About this time, Mr. Jamison, who is watchman at the Iron Mountain Company's stables, heard a groaning in the direction of the depot, and went over to see who it was, and to find out what was the matter. He says he came up and saw the darkness called out: "Who is that?" to which Hall answered: "It is that you, Mr. Jamison?" "Yes," answered Mr. J., "who are you?" "Andy Hall," he replied. "What is the matter?" Mr. J. continued. "I am hurt, go for a doctor," said Hall. "How did you get hurt?" asked Mr. Jamison. "I don't know," said Hall. By this time Mr. Jamison had reached the spot, and found two of the train men and Harris working with Hall trying to get him upon the platform. When questioned as to how the accident occurred, Harris knew nothing. Said that he was asleep and heard no train, and did not know that Hall was hurt for some time afterwards. The men placed the injured man on the platform, and sent for Dr. Pilley, who bandaged the wounds, and sent for Dr. Thomas. The train men then went on with their train, and as soon as help could be procured, the unfortunate man was taken to his brother's, a few yards from the depot, where all the aid and attention that could be rendered were given him. Dr. Thomas arrived about six o'clock, when he and Dr. Pilley thought to amputate the broken limbs; but after a careful examination of the patient, it was decided not to take off the legs as no good could result from such an operation. This was a wise decision, and saved the poor man unnecessary pain. He died at half past ten o'clock, and furnishes another sad example of the evil of Intemperance. His relatives and friends have our sympathy. H. C. D.

From Des Arc.

DES ARC, Mo., Sept. 20th, 1885. Ed. Register.—It is time for a few items from our town.

This has been pay week for the quarries, railroads, and saw mills, and it has livedened up our country. Messrs. Whittle & Co. paid out in cash about \$730; Mr. Kind over \$300; Mr. Lovelace (saw mill) over \$500; pay train paid between \$450 and \$500. Orders for granite are lively, and the quarries will add more men to their force as fast as they can get them.

The business is also getting better. Mr. E. W. Graves had over \$800 in ties last week, or paid over \$800 for them. They are also getting out hoop and piling; so there is no lack for work here now.

Sickness in this part of our country is unknown. Doc. Clarkson's pill-bags have hung up so long that they become mill-dewed or rusty.

Our town is made lively every Saturday by the boys having a shooting match for beef, and everything goes off quiet and easy.

Miss Jennie Clarkson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Omohundro.

Mr. Considerable is visiting friends, &c. Miss Buckman, of Annapolis, is a guest of Mr. Burgran's.

Mrs. J. M. Morris is off on a visit to North Missouri, to see her brother, and to recruit her health.

Church service here to-day by Bro. Hardy (Methodist).

Mrs. Thos. Farrar and family leave to-night to visit her mother in Washington county.

Our public school is moving on finely, with Miss Minnie Collins in the chair.

Our agent, Mr. Parson, has returned to his post, after a month's lay-off. ISAAC.

From Black P. O.

Ed. Register.—Again we make an effort to give you a few items from this point. Health, with the exception of a few cases of well developed chills, is reasonably good. Sunday, owing to the vast amount of rain, there was no Sabbath School at the above named point.

Monday, 14th inst., we were edified by a very pleasant interview with Rev. C. T. Fortune, of Washington county. Mr. Fortune was accompanied by his exceptionally interesting wife, on his way to his home. Sunday, 13th inst., Mr. Fortune delivered a very elegant sermon to a large and intelligent audience at Black. Mr. Fortune, in his discourse, showed very clearly—as we have long believed—that our very characters are largely the result of impression formed during childhood.

We know, as a scientific fact, that force—a force from God—is never destroyed. The mind, being material, is moved by force. What is that force by which it is moved? It is nothing more nor less than the impressions formed on the mind and character during every day of our existence. How infinitely great, then, is, or at least should be, the responsibility of parent, teacher and others. If we form, on the character of an individual, an impression for good, or evil, we are, in a measure, responsible for it. We have its effect; they will determine largely the future destiny of ages to come. If the impressions formed on others, ceased their effects at our death, the responsibility would then be very great; but at death they have only begun their effect—effect as an indestructible force.

With an aching heart, we have just received the sad intelligence of the death of an old classmate of our days of Ewing College, Ill. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour. The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The store house, of which we spoke in our last, is being rapidly built.

Collector Stevens, of Centerville, has been with us two or three days this week.

A correspondent of the Herald noticed an article of ours, in the Outlook, written on the subject of "The Mind." We will assure him that the thoughts contained in the said article were ours; and, that had his mind been taken as a standpoint, an article of four or five lines would have expressed all pertaining to it.

Mrs. Julia Walden gave us a pleasant call Monday, on her return from a visit to her relatives at Bellevue. Mrs. Walden says that she did not enjoy herself very well, owing, we presume, to the fact that Mr. Hartman—her brother-in-law—was dangerously ill.

Mr. Thos. Bell is home on a visit. There is nothing so prevalent in this vicinity, as "apple cuttings"—one Monday night; Tuesday night. We presume that dried apples will be reasonably cheap this Autumn.

Mrs. James Bell gave us a visit to-day. Mr. B. says we need more such papers as the REGISTER—a very wise conclusion. We learn that the Herald will cease to exist after this week's issue. May flowers—beautiful flowers—grow in the editor's pathway, wherever his lot be cast. Present indications presage an early frost. The wedding, of which we spoke, in our last, has not as yet "come off."

Our postmaster, Mr. W. H. Shy, made a special trip to Ironton last week. Sunday, 13th inst., your correspondent had an edifying talk with Mr. and Mrs. Huston Latham, of Goodland. Mr. Levi H. Webb, of Black P. O., gave us a pleasant call, Monday last. Mr. Webb is a Christian gentleman. J. T. PATTERSON. BLACK P. O., Mo., Sept. 19th.

Annapolis News.

ANNAPOLIS, Mo., September 20, 1885. Ed. Register.—Business pretty good. J. W. Berryman runs his sawmill day and night now, to fill his orders for lumber. And Carr, Towl and May are shipping considerable lumber, also.

R. A. Clarkson and T. W. Wadlow went to St. Louis Friday. They expect to attend the Exposition which they say is grand this year.

D. A. Johnson has just returned from a few days' visit to Hot Springs, Ark. He brought some beautiful samples of crystal and Hot Springs diamonds, which he has on exhibition in his saloon.

Miss Mamie Morrison, Piedmont, was visiting here one day last week.

Mr. McKnight is working as night operator and Miss Wadlow as agent, during Mr. Wadlow's absence to St. Louis.

School will open up to-morrow, conducted by Prof. Woodslides.

Health, generally, good in this vicinity. We understand the St. L., I. M. & S. Ry. Company will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip during the St. Louis Fair. This will give everybody a chance to attend.

Yours, LOUIS.

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Obituary.

DIED.—JOSEPH L. STEPHENS, at 11 P. M. on September 15th, 1885, at his residence, where he has lived since early in the year 1832, near Bellevue, now Iron County, Missouri, full of years and of honors.

The deceased was born near Bowling Green, Ky., on December 29th, 1812, and at his death was aged 72 years 8 months and 16 days. He emigrated to, and settled in, that part of Washington county, Missouri, which has since been incorporated in, and is now part of Iron county, about the year 1824. He and his now widow, Louiza Wiat, were joined in marriage on March 24th, 1836, and thereupon they moved to the farm one mile east of Bellevue where they lived continuously until their long union was dissolved by death.

His occupation was that of a farmer, and of a stone mason. On November 18th, 1865, he went into partnership with his son-in-law, in the mercantile business, and therein continued for ten years. He served as a Judge of the County Court of Iron county for two terms (eight years), and during which time he further enhanced his reputation as a financier, in managing the county affairs; after which he retired to private life, attending only to his home duties and his financial affairs, which latter, owing to his exceptional skill, left in a very prosperous condition.

He leaves an aged widow who through youth, middle age, and to senility, joyed with his joys, and sorrowed with his sorrows; a daughter who has already passed middle age, a grandson whom he has watched through early youth, and into a promising manhood, and two great grandchildren whose innocent prattle amused his weary hours, to mourn his loss.

As is true that "We are unwilling to go down into the Grave even with Princes for bed fellows," so, it is also true, that no matter how rosy the hope, and bright the promise for the Afterlife of our loved ones, we are unwilling to surrender them at the call of the dread angel of Death. But in reviewing the life of a good man there is consolation for the most despondent; and the hope of and belief in the meeting of loved ones after death and the knowledge of an eternity to be spent in union by souls here linked together, in the presence, and in the Heaven of the Great Jehovah, is and should be the hope and consolation of the friends and kindred of this noble work of God—Joseph L. Stephens.

The longest life of man is but a brief span, soon passed; he is